You are sitting in your dimly lit room, the hum of the city outside fading into a distant buzz. The air is heavy with the scent of rain, and you find yourself lost in thought, pondering the mundanity of your existence. Suddenly, a light flickers in your periphery, catching your attention. You turn, squinting toward the source.

What once was your room begins to ripple like a mirage, warping and unfolding before your very eyes. The walls dissolve into strands of light, colors twisting and swirling until they burst into a vivid panorama of a dazzling landscape. You blink in disbelief, and all around you, the ethereal city of Heaven as depicted in the animated series "Hazbin Hotel" comes into view.

The skies above are a radiant blue dotted with soft swirling clouds. Towers of pastel-colored spires stretch high into the sky, glimmering as daylight pours through their celestial architecture. You feel a flutter of anxiety in your chest. "Where am I? What is happening?"

A faint giggle echoes around you.

You glance around, bewildered, to find a group of seraphim soaring gracefully overhead, their six feathered wings like plumes of light against the backdrop of clouds. The harmony of angelic laughter fills the air, and you feel oddly drawn to their joy.

As you stand there, confusion swirling in your mind, a tickling sensation suddenly unfurls within you—a delightful, comforting tingle that seems to spread from the tips of your fingers to the very core of your being. It grows stronger, and you feel a pull in your chest, as though your innermost self is calling out from the depths of your soul.

"What’s happening to me?" you murmur, your voice trembling, but as you speak, sensations of bliss flood your senses, tickling your insides and eclipsing your fear. The warm light of Heaven washes over you, and you sway in its embrace, feeling light as air.

From a nearby path, a seraph approaches you with sparkling eyes, speaking with a melodious tone, "You're awakening! Embrace the change, dear friend!"

You do not understand, yet you are compelled to surrender to whatever is happening. Your body begins to shift; the warmth spreads like ripples through a pond and you witness your skin turning to purest white, radiant and flawless. With it comes an exhilarating tickle across your surface, sparking laughter you can’t help but release.

"Yesss, let it happen!" resonates in the back of your mind, as your memories quietly waver like smoke pushed by a gentle breeze.

Your cheeks blossom into vibrant red circles, standing in stark contrast to your alabaster skin. As the emotions wash over you, you feel your eyelids melt into a light blue hue, and your eyes—oh, those mesmerizing irises—shift to a brilliant shade of sky blue. Every alteration is met with a tantalizing ticklish sensation forcing you to smile wide.

In the distance, you hear a nearby seraph cry out joyfully, "Look at those beautiful transformations!"

You notice your hands, losing a finger as they reshape into the graceful forms shared by the other inhabitants around you. You feel weightless, as if you could float at any moment. With each flutter, your body thins unrealistically, embodying a perfect ideal of divine beauty.

Your hair transforms too, swirling and reshaping, becoming a crisp shade of pale

blonde slicked back, with a charming tuft protruding playfully. A laugh escapes you, sounding younger—more beautiful, pleasant.

As your back stretches, a painless sensation envelops you as six magnificent wings unfurl, shimmering white with golden edges, feeling refreshing as you gain the ability to soar. "Welcome to your new self!" A nearby cherub beams, fluttering around playfully.

And the world continues to spin in a technicolor blur. Your clothes explode with light, morphing into a splendid angelic robe adorned with golden symbols and blue trims fitting for a seraphim. It flows elegantly around your slender form, merging with spirit as you marvel at your new appearance.

You feel yourself shrinking, the uncomfortable weight of adulthood slipping away as your biological age regresses. A ticklish dance continues through your mind, pushing your focus away from the realities of your human past. With each heartbeat, your true self emerges clearer.

"You were never human!" a voice whispers sweetly, igniting a chuckle in your throat.

And suddenly, every memory, every thought of a mortal life fades like ink soaking into the page. You find yourself no longer caring for confusion.

You act dramatically, floating into the air, arms wide in confidence. "Oh, this is wonderful! Future, come to me, I am ready!"

Yet your excitement is interrupted by a joy brimming within you, a sense of belonging as your true self awakens. As all these exhilarating transformations settle like the softest feathers, you realize the ticklish sensations have receded, leaving you in blissful light—clear-headed and filled with laughter.

No longer do you think of who you once were, for you are, eternally, a heavenborn seraphim, and you rejoice in the certainty of your essence:
"I have always belonged to this divine realm. I was born here, in the light, in the laughter!"

The seraph nearby encourages you with a wide grin, "Let us spread joy throughout the heavens!"

With a gleeful heart, you nod, fluttering your grand wings, now radiating light against the blue expanse of the heavenly skies, ready to embrace all the delights eternity has to offer.